THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, February* 20, 1808. [No. 18.

ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 115.

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THE present paper shall serve as a medium of conveyance to the public, of sundry complaints of captious correspondents. Though the Wanderer does not consider himself pledged to his readers for regularity of communication, or bound by custom, for peculiarity of subjects, he is pleased by the conviction, that occasional silence does not pass unobserved, and obliged, by the suggestion of new topics, for the exercise of his pen.

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TO THE WANDERER.

Forgetful Creature,

I am almost convinced that you are a musty old bachellor. For I know not how many papers not a word has escaped you by which we might imagine you knew our species is distinguished by sexes. There was a time when you noticed the ladies, and if your observations were not always flattering, there was at least, some satisfaction in the certainty that we should not be altogether neglected. Now forsooth, you give us long dissertations on the misery of doubt, clearness of intellect, prejudice, inconstancy and the like, or palm upon us a couple of dry letters, on the attainment and retrogression of civilization, subjects which, to that part of your readers you should be most ambitious to please, are as uninterestingas an algebraical computation, or an anatomical disquisition. If you do not soon pay more attention to the fairest part of creation, the *misery of doubt* will be changed to miserable certainty, that *clearness of intellect* has totally deserted you, or given place to unseemly *prejudice*, and that, if you ever attained the point of *civility*, you are now absolutely on the retrograde towards barbarism. Inconstancy forsooth. It is three weeks since you made your last appearance in public, and yet you have thought proper to prate of inconstancy, and not long since talked learnedly about industry and applicaion. I drop you these few hints because I know the ladies are not willing to give you up at present, but if you value our future attention, brush the cobwebs of scholastic lore from your forehead, and look abroad into the gay world for more lively subjects.

Still partly yours,

CELIA VARIOUS.

—

TO THE WANDERER.

SIR,

YOUR predecessors, the Spectator Ramblers, &c. though they seldom slept, sometimes dreamed. Now, however *frequently* you sleep, you *never* dream. Why is

this? Some of the visions contained in the papers I have mentioned, are the most pleasing part of those publications, and it has excited no small surprise in my mind, that you who, in some few instances, have trodden so closely on the heels of those great writers, have not sometimes *nodded* like them for the amusement of your readers. I do not make this observation on slight grounds, for having looked through your whole series, I find but two papers in which you have not pretended to be wide awake. The first was in an early number, where you saw a mathematician, a physician and a cow; and all this we were led to believe meant something about the *Kine Pox*; but what, or why, was left for the reader's sagacity to discover. It had, at least, one trait of a dream—*confusedness*, and probably was the produce of an afternoon's nap, which followed an inordinate dinner. The second dream was in a paper, published since your *new establishment*, and in it, a Militia Colonel is dressed out in full uniform, but as the same figure had appeared to the *wide open* eyes of many of your readers, I have some doubt whether yours were shut at the time he *paraded*. Now do take another nap. I have more reason to make the request, as one *Proteus Echo*, who some how or other, has several times elbowed himself into your place, makes only his fourth appearance before the public, and *behold! a vision*. With more powers than Orpheus, who only made the woods dance, he has taught a log to speak, and surely if he, without passing his own precincts, could work such a miracle, what could not you do, who being a Wanderer, are at liberty to walk "*to and fro in the earth.*" I have mentioned to my mother, that I intended to address you on this subject, and she desires to assure you, that should you be at a loss for a dream, she can always furnish you, for she remembers fifty very extraordinary ones, which she herself has dreamt within a twelvemonth. With assurances that whether sleeping or waking, I shall continue your friend and admirer.

I am Sir, &c.

DAVID DROWSY.

TO THE WANDERER.

Sir,

In one of your numbers, you professed a love of travelling, and yet there is not a single paper yet published, which shows you were ever out of this dirty capital. If your wandering propensity sometimes lead you into the country, cannot you find something during your excursions, to amuse your readers? or do you think city manners and customs alone worthy your attention? If you suffer a countryman like Jonathan Homebred, to ridicule the belles and beaux of the metropolis, why not repay him in kind, or at least depute some of your adherents to do the business for you? We hear much of rural delights and country simplicity; but I have neither belief in the latter, nor relish for the former; and should be glad to hear some one who knows more of the matter than myself, describe the one, or analyze the other. Intending to make a short tour, I would willingly furnish on my return, the result of my acquired knowledge, and if my poor ability can produce nothing worthy admission, into your paper, some hints may

at least be struck out, to incite you to dilate on the topics yourself.

With much admiration of
your writings,
I AM SIR,
YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT
KIT COCKNEY.

Office of Censorship.

TO THE WANDERER.

The conclusion of *Rinaldo*, an imitation of Thompson, was due to the public on the publication of your ninth number. You are hereby required to shew cause, if any you have, why compulsory process should not issue against *you* as surety for delinquent.

SIMON CYNIC, *Censor.*

THE DRAMA.

No. 15.

FOR THE EMERALD.

OTHELLO.

Thursday evening, Feb. 18.

WHEN Doct. Johnson emphatically remarked, that "the characters of other poets were too often an individual, while those of Shakespeare are commonly a species," he meant no more, than that there was a completeness and truth of nature about them, by which they were recognized to belong to the mass of mankind; and to be governed by principles and motives of conduct of general operation, and not of particular bias. Of the assertion, in its abstract sense, too much is taken for granted; it might as justly be observed, that the characters of other poets are too often imaginary, while those of Shakespeare are observable in *life*. To delineate a character under the operation of a particular passion, and by the effects of that passion to portray the character, is an attempt, of the difficulty of accomplishing which poets are probably not aware. Modern writers, however, imagining this to be the road to dramatic immortality, pursue it with unabated fervour; the idea is utterly delusive; it *is like following a cloud of smoke, in order to discriminate more clearly the objects which it involopes.* Shakespeare, on the contrary, while the principal motives of the story which determine the conduct of his agents, are sufficiently powerful, does not forget to assimilate with them those natural and familiar attributes, by which we acknowledge them to be fellow creatures, and strongly related to ourselves. In no play has this poet discovered this bias of genius in a more tangible shape, than in the play of Othello. The principal characters of this piece, whether we consider them in relation to number, variety, or truth, are so marked by human feelings and motives, that we most cordially hate and detest Iago, sympathise with Othello, and grieve for Desdemona. Of all the productions of Shakespeare, Othello is deserving of the highest rank for vigorous conception, distinction of nature, solidity of judgment, and extent of imagination. Well may it be remarked, that it is "the vivacious offspring of nature impregnated by genius."

The change of characters, by Messrs. Cooper and Fennell, will lead us into a particular observation of the parts of Othello and Iago; and an estimate of Shakespeare's intention, in their delineation.

The character of Othello, governed by ardent passion in all his conduct, whether in love, in jealousy, in hatred, in friendship, in credulity or repentance, requires great compass of voice in the performer. He had his life and being from men of "royal siege," was entrusted with the highest command of the Venetian state, and being a man of free and noble nature, and unsuspecting in his attachment, he is fitted both by his temper and station, for the revenge meditated by Iago. Mr. Cooper is fitted for the part by nature; for his voice is clear, sonorous, and capacious, his person symmetrical, and his face expressive. The only fault to be charged against him in general, is his imperfect appreciation of the character he plays, and this of course occasions many inaccuracies of meaning. But this defect is by no means evident in his Othello. In the speech to the Senate, however, there were some mis-recitals of the text; and the hexameter was destroyed in more than four instances in the utterance of it. The line which follows, was marked strangely.

"Which I observing,
"Took *(once a pliant hour)*; and found good
means," &c.

He spoke *a pliant hour* as if in a parenthesis; than which nothing can be more opposite to the author's meaning. In reciting this speech there are several distinctions necessary to be observed. Othello introduces into his speech, a story told to Desdemona; that story should be evidently marked; as,

" Still questioned me the *story of my life*,
" *I ran it through.*" &c.

And afterwards,

" That I would *all* my pilgrimage dilate,
"Whereof by *parcels* she had *something* heard,
" But not *distinctly*."

And again,

" My *story* being *done*," &c.

We think these passages ought to be given in such a tone, as would render them evident.

These lines were erroneously uttered.

" I swear 'tis better to be much *abus'd*
" Than but to know a *little*."

Mr. Cooper endeavoured to produce an opposition, between *know* and *abus'd*; which in this passage, meant the same thing.

We object to the entrance of Othello, in the last scene, with a *drawn* sword; because no motive is assigned for such an arrangement. On the whole, however, although we could quote numerous imperfect passages, although many expressions were *ranted*, and although others were uttered in a vague manner, we were highly gratified with the Othello of Mr. Cooper.

The costume of this character is not yet decidedly determined; and approving as we do that of Mr. Cooper on Thursday evening, we should hope never to see it performed in any other than such a dress. That Othello was a *christian* there can be but little doubt. That he was general of the Venetian armies, fighting against the Turks, we learn in the Play; and that he never had been in his own country from his early years, but always in the camp, he tells us himself, therefore we conceive the dress of a Venetian officer, is most to be preferred for the character of the *Moor*.

The character of Iago, as a theatrical part, is perhaps to be preferred to that of Othello; but as the representation of life, it affords so melancholy a picture of the depravity of our race, that we turn from it with hatred and disgust. It seems that jealousy in Iago is the principal inducement to his revenge on Othello; and by means of jealousy he brings about his purposes; thus, in one instance, the cause and effect are the same thing Iago is poor besides, and though he hates him as he does " hell's pains," yet, for *necessity of present life*, he is obliged to follow the Moor. He is avaricious; he cajoles Roderigo for his money, and abuses Cassio for his place.

The malignity of Iago, however, could hardly be reconciled with probability; but that we often see instances of loathing and hate, which men bear to each other, for which no cause can be assigned, but predisposition to entertain malignant disgust. Iago must appear a different man before Roderigo and Othello and all his disguise must be taken off when alone.

He suggests himself with *heavenly show* to Othello; he uses Roderigo with less ceremony, declaring *himself* a villain; but at the same time flattering *his* vanity, by the insinuation that he can easily compress his designs on Desdemona When by himself, we have something different still; he is " black as night, and his affections dark as Erebus." The performer who undertakes Iago, should be aware of these distinctions, and endeavour to show this difference of nature, whenever the slightest opportunity occurs.

Mr. Fennell's idea of the part was correct; but his execution was not always commensurate with it Besides, the outline was not properly filled up, by reason of the omission of some long passages of peculiar importance. There were, however, some admirable readings, which differed from any we had before received.

" The moor - *howbeit* that *I* endure him
not." —
" If this poor *brach* of Venice, whom I trace
" For his *quick* hunting stand the *putting on*,
" I'll have," &c.

" For *M chael Cassio*, I *dare be sworn*;
" I *think* that he *is* honest."

But we conceive he wanted impression, where he endeavours to persuade Roderigo to follow the wars, and *put money in his purse*; for in respect to *him*, the *money* was the primary consideration. The soliloquies were in general, uncommonly well delivered; but we think the part, as a whole, wanted animation.

Mrs. Stanley gained credit for her per-

formance of Desdemona; and her speech to the senate was very judiciously and feelingly pronounced.

THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BLAIR'S GRAVE

" I know not," says Mr. Pinkerton, speaking of Blair, " that he wrote any thing else; but *The Grave* is worth a thousand common poems The language is such as Shakespeare would have used ; yet he no where imitates expression of his. It is frugal and chaste ; yet, upon occasion, highly poetical, without any appearance of research. It is unquestionably the best peice of blank verse we have, save those of Milton."

We fully agree with the writer, that the merits of the poem are great ; but that he has not imitated Shakespeare, we are not willing to allow.

Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Striks't out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds
And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

On reading the above, what reader will not recollect Hamlet's observations in the Church-yard.

" Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?" &c.

The following passage from the poem is strikingly descriptive.

The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

A description of night in Ossian, comes forcibly to mind. "*The wind is up.* The shower descends. *The spirit of the mountain shrieks.* Woods fall from high. *Windows flap.* The growing torrent roars." The whole passage is inserted in our eighth number.

An impudent and conceited coxcomb once reproached the excellent and venerable Sir Isaac Newton, to his face, and not long before his death, because the veteran could not explain to *his* satisfaction, some difficulty in the PRINCIPIA.

" I confess, Sir," said Sir Isaac, to the reptile, " I am ready to confess that time and infirmity have somewhat impaired my powers; but this I know, and am well assured of, as well by my own convictions, as the concurring testi-

mony of others, that when I wrote the book, my calculations were clear and accurate, my deductions correct and undeniable.

"I sincerely wish, that when you arrive at my age, you may never afford occasion for so severe a reproof."

The ruffian retired, and ought to have been kicked down stairs.

A young clergyman, upon some public occasion, preached a sermon before a congregation in the city, among which a bishop was one of the auditors. The gentleman displayed his rhetorical powers with such energy, and, consequently, effect, that he was listened to with the most profound attention, and even thanked by the churchwardens when he descended from the pulpit. He had the still higher gratification, when he retired to the vestry, to be also thanked by the bishop for what he politely termed the edification he had received from the fervour of his devotion, and the animated elegance of his elocution.

The young clergyman hesitatingly made his acknowledgments to his lordship, but, unfortunately, wishing to be deemed an author as well as an orator, he observed, that the sermon which he had just preached was the first of *his own* composing.

The bishop started, and sternly replied, "Was it so, sir? then I think, upon this occasion, you ought to pay BEVERIDGE!" The *pun* will be quite intelligible to those who know the celebrity of Dr. Beveridge, as a divine.

How the young man felt upon this reprimand may be better conceived than it can be described.

A gentleman having bespoke a supper at an inn, desired the landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his guest, pretended to find fault with the laying the cloth, and took the knives and forks and threw them down stairs. The gentleman, resolved not to baulk his humour, threw the plates down also; at which the host being surprized, inquired the reason for so doing. "Nay, nothing," replied the gentleman; "I only thought you had a mind to sup below."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

In the hurry and horror of a popular insurrection, or any other urgent calamity, how few of us are able to possess a collected mind?

The populace of Paris, inflamed by resentment, and probably stimulated by apt emissaries, had resolved to destroy the house of Mons. D'Espremenil.

As the decisions of a mob are generally executed as rapidly as they are conceived, the frantic multitude hastened to the spot, but were surprized and silenced on their arrival, at being addressed from an upper window of the house in the following manner: "Whose house do you purpose setting fire to?" "D'Espremenil's," was the answer. "This then cannot be the house, for I bought and paid for it but a few years since, and he was only the tenant.

Would you burn the furniture? It is the upholsterer's: Would you destroy his wife? She is the property of the public: Would you kill his children? They may be your own.

This singular address was efficacious, and the crowd returned to the Jardin de Palais Royale, that focus of the French revolution,

from which it has since taken its name.

THE WITHERED OAK.

'TWAS Autumn—the sun now descending the sky,
In a robe of bright crimson and gold was array'd;
While the pale sickly moon scarcely open'd her eye,
Just peep'd through the forest, and silver'd the glade.

The voice of the Evening was heard in the trees—
Each chirper so merry was seeking his nest;
The anthems of insects were mixed with the breeze,
And Nature look'd pleas'd—all her children were blest.

Even the trees appear'd drest in their holiday clothes,
And they waved their green arms, and they seem'd to rejoice,
While methought as I 'listened, at times there arose
From each oak's ivied branches a Deity's voice.

But ah! there was one that did not appear gay,
Nor wave his long branches—now verdant no more!
The bird as he views him soars silent away.
His genius is dead, and his honours are o'er.

Once green like the rest, strong and lovely he grew,
The warbler once dwelt in each well-cover'd bough,
The breezes saluted his leaves as they flew;
Yes, he has been—but now—alas! what is he now?

The rays of the morning still shines on the tree,
And evening still waters the trunk with her tears;
The wild flower and wheat-sheaf around it we see,
But a wintery ruin this ever appears.

Ah! say, is it age that has alter'd thy form,
(For care and affliction thou never hast known,)
Hast thou been strack by the pitiless storm,
That thou thus seem'st to pine and to wither alone!

Thou art silent—the silence may fancy improve;
Come pause here awhile—it is what thou may'st be!
Ah! oft in the heyday of pleasure and love,
Old friend, I shall sigh as I think upon thee.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

The unanswerable, the omnipotent argument against the School for Scandal is *its inexpediency, and its corrupt influence on life and manners.*

"Mr. Sheridan," said a lady, whose conversation I had rather listen to, than to Sheridan's best play, "Mr. Sheridan is a fool if he pays a bill to one of the tradesmen who receive his comedy with such thunders of applause; he ought to tell them, in the words of Charles, that, for the life of him, he could never make his justice keep pace with his generosity, and they could have no kind of right to complain."

The lady's remark is well founded and just; our author, it must be confessed, has, in a masterly manner, blown up and exposed the covered ways, the mines and countermines of hypocrisy, cant, selfish plausibility, and cunning.

But, I fear, he has put to flight, at least out of countenance, a due attention to the common duties of life, decent deportment, purity of manners, and regularity of conduct. In a word, or rather in his own words, he has *damned sentiment*, and brought into discredit and suspicion that appearance of morality and seriousness, which has been pronounced the soil for every virtue; and which, however at times it may have served to disguise fraud and duplicity, was the nurse of religion, and, in a thou-

sand instances, highly serviceable to the interests and convenience of society.

RIDICULE IS NOT THE TEST OF TRUTH; AND HE WHO LONG PERSISTS IN LAUGHING AT RECTITUDE, IS NOT FAR FROM THE PRACTICE OF FLAGITIOUS CONDUCT.

During the debates on the Tobacco Excise act, in which, says a friend at my elbow, Mr. Pitt had the argument, and Sheridan the wit on his side, the following is part of a speech of the subject of this article.

Borrowing terms from the subject, Mr. Sheridan described the progress and manufacture of the bill in question: "The original leaf (he observed) after a chemical tinge from the crown lawyers, and being dusted and sifted at the Treasury, receives a permit from the House of Commons; but who, Mr. Speaker, shall guard against the dispensing powers with which the commissioners are armed? Assisted by the hint of some damn'd good natured friend, they may say to an unfortunate smuggler, you opposed government at the general election, you are a rank blue and buff; you have long carried on a contraband trade, and can expect no mercy; but, for the person behind you, I see by his orange cape, that he is an honest fellow, he is not one of the meddling faction, which on every occasion is voting against us; his fine shall certainly be mitigated.

"Besides, the commissioners, in an instance on record, have obliged parliament to sanctify error, and legalize, false testimony; they have determined Clarke's hydrometer, to be the best and only legal standard, although in a public court of justice, when a man was tried for keeping spirit above proof, it was determined, that this hydrometer was false, inaccurate and erroneous, by the evidence of many respectable officers of the revenue, as well as the declaration of Clarke himself, the original inventor.

"Is it possible, Sir, to provide against the capriciousness of an English climate; the different qualities, sweatings, and fermentations, of an article like tobacco; which, on one hogshead, has been known to gain ten pounds in weight, and on another, to lose forty; though landed together from the same ship, and kept in the same warehouse?

"Can you controul fermentation by act of parliament? will the elements submit to the statute-book? If, however, means can be invented to obviate these objections, your excisemen must be sent forth with thermometers, instead of ink bottles, hanging at their button-holes: permits must be issued for damps and fogs; we must take security of Christmas for frost, and make August give a bond for fine weather."

Tar and feathers; a democratic punishment. frequently resorted to at the commencement of the war which produced the American revolution.

It was also practised by the bishop of Halberstadt, when in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-three, he invaded the territories of the Elector Palatine, who, if I mistake not, was the unfortunate King of Bohemia, and son-in-law to James the first, King of England.

Having plundered and burnt two monasteries, the bishop gave particular directions to his soldiers, to secure the persons of the nuns and friars unhurt, as they rushed from the flaming edifices.

Then ordering them to be stri

ped naked, their bodies were smeared with tar, after which, each individual was tumbled into a feather bed, ripped open and prepared for the purpose.

When the terrified inhabitants had been thus *re-clothed*, they were hunted out of the camp, towards the interior parts of the country; the prelate, in the mean time exclaiming, "Let us see if the shepherd will recognize his own flock."

Tarring and feathering is also mentioned, in an ancient military code, *said* to be drawn up by Richard Cœur de Lion, previous to setting out on his expedition to the holy land. The reason given by the royal legislator, for adopting so singular a mode of punishment, (I believe for the crime of theft) is, that the offender being landed at the first place they touched, after his conviction; and, being thus *marked*, would be generally known, and universally avoided.

SAINT.

I have been *checked* for applying this word to the Evangelists, and many other venerable characters preserved in the Roman calendar; but I persist in prefixing it, for th following reasons, which, though satisfactory to myself, may not prove convincing to others.

Epithets are meant to be descriptive of the qualities, corporeal or intellectual, of those to whom they are applied, and I therefore think it right, and to the full, as reasonable, to say *Saint* Luke, *Saint* John, or *Saint* Austin, as to say, the *learned* Warburton, the *harmonious* Pope, the *honest* Arbuthnot, the *rosy-fingered* Aurora, or the *swift footed* Ulysses.

When a certain gentleman, whom I have walked many a mile to hear, used to talk of John, Paul, Matthew, or Luke, with as little ceremony as he would call his footman, I confess it disturbed me; it was carrying his democracy with him into the pulpit; but it exemplified a theory often enforced in this collection, *those whom we treat with levity, we shall soon cease to respect.*

VISCOUNT SACKVILLE.

In the course of certain discussions in the house of commons, on appointngcommissioners of supervision, to India, the attack of this noble lord, (then a commoner) on an oriental delinquent, was eloquent, keen, and effectual. The voice of truth boldly pointing out undeniable fact, covered with shame a front not easily disconcerted.

"The honorable gentleman," said Lord George, "has been told by a witness, whom he called to answer his own purposes, he has been honestly told by his own evidence, that two thirds of his wealth were exorted by an arbitrary and oppressive tax on the miserable and exhausted natives of Idia. I appeal to all who hear me, if the actual perpetrators of cruelty and injustice, are proper or likely persons to correct those mischiefs, which their own iniquities have produced; will those persons refund their wealth, who, taking advantage of influence and power, have extracted by the rude gripe of oppression, the luxuries and superfluities of their table, from the scanty pittance of the poor Hindoo?"

The eyes of the whole house were rivetted on the convicted offender; a short struggle took place in his breast, between anger and remorse, but the weight of guilt preponderating, he sunk in confusion on his seat.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

The situation of the British colony in New South Wales has been most distressing, and it is feared from the accounts received, that it is not likely, under its present auspices, to be placed on a footing of permanent security from the dreadful evil of famine. The scarcity of last year was in a great degree owing to an inundation of their principal agricultural settlement, which had been most injudiciously established on the banks of a river subject to overflow: but the chief cause, and that which is likely for ever to affect the cultivation of the land, and consequently the supply of the people, is the violent, capricious, and arbitrary manner in which the laws for the government of the markets are executed. Wheat was last year up as high as four guineas per bushel; and when the last accounts came away, it was, even after the last harvest, fluctuating between 20 and 25s. per bushel. There were at that time 700 persons at Port Dalrymple and the Derwent, with no other means of support than the precarious and wretched subsistence they derive from the woods.

Extraordinary produce of potatoes. In the garden of Henry Morris, Esq. near Manchester, two potatoes were planted, 12th of May last, which weighed together eighteen ounces and a half. When the produce of the above two potatoes was taken up on the 7th of Nov. the whole amounted to the enormous weight of *three hundred and seventy pounds!* The seed potatoes were a new kind from America.

Five hundred potatoes the produce of a single one were dug up, during the same month, in the garden of the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood.

Mr. Francis Lee has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in a regular series, The most valuable, scarce, and faithful Translations in Poetry and Prose of the Greek Authors on morals, history, chronology, geography, drama, biography, natural history, poetry, tactics, pleadings, dialogues, epistles, oratory, composition, and the liberal arts and sciences in general; with select notes, chiefly English, corrections, preface, lives, maps, portraits, illustrations from the most authentic ancient statues, busts, gems, medals, paiutings, &c. It is calculated that the whole will be comprised in twenty closely printed octavo volumes.

The political and literary world are likely to be soon gratified, not only by the publication of the *History of the House of Stuart*, by the late Mr. Fox, in the unfinished state which he left it, but also of his interesting and extensive correspondence with the most distinguished characters of the present reign.

Miss Brunton, sister to Mrs. Warren, a few days since, sent in her resignation to the managers of Covent Garden Theatre, preparatory to her nuptials with the earl of Craven, the ceremonial of which will certainly take place in the course of next week. His lordship by the marriage articles has settled upon his bride a jointure of 5,000 pounds per annum, and made every other corresponding arrangement that can heighten her conjugal felicity. We shall be much disappointed if Miss Brunton does not make the serious character she is about to assume, the most interesting and meritorious performance of her life.

DOMESTIC.

Gold Medal Prize.

The Medical Lyceum of Philadelphia, desirous of promoting the investigation of Physiology, offer a Gold Medal of the value of 50 dollars, to the author of the best Essay on the following question:—

"Does the human body possess the Power of absorbing substances applied to its surface?"

The Essay must be written in the English language, and delivered to the corresponding secretary of the Lyceum, on or before the first day of January, 1809, with a sealed paper containing the name of the author, which paper shall not be opened unless the medal is adjudged to the essay it accompanies.

J. C. ROUSSEAU, M. D.
Corresponding Sec'y

Philad. Feb. 6th, 1808.

POETRY.

Among others who had the care and management of Tunbridge school, was Mr. Cawthorne, the author of an Epistle from Abelard to Eloisa, little inferior to Pope's celebrated Letter. The poems of this gentleman were published some years ago, but, by an unpardonable neglect in the Editor, not one syllable was prefixed to inform the public of any circumstances of his life or character. This indifference towards eminent writers of our own time is much to be lamented, and for the sake of posterity, as well as the present times, it is to be wished that those, who are acquainted with any particulars concerning such persons as have deserved the notice of the world, would communicate them to some repository, where they might be preserved for the use of future biographers. We should be happy to receive any information concerning this very ingenious, but almost forgotten author, or any other who, from the same neglect, may be likely to share the same fate. Many are so circumstanced; and we cannot avoid, on this occasion, mentioning the names of Mr. Matthew Green, author of the excellent poem on the Spleen; Dr. Bramston, of several pieces in Dodsley's collection; Cuthbert Shaw, of some poems in Pearch's collection; and many others, whose memories, in the course of a few years, will be only preserved in their writings.*

—

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

AH! why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein!
What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earthborn visions saddening o'er my cell!
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to glow,
These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confess'd,
Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breast,
Bids heav'n's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.
Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame thro' my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;
The deadly charming sorceress controul,
And, spite of nature tear her from thy soul.
Long has that soul, in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where sorrow broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade.
Faith drop'd a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But, O! how weak fair faith and virtue prove
When Eloisa melts away in love!
When her fond soul, impassion'd rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstacies to me!
Ye heav'ns! as walking in yon sacred fane
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aching sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine;
Priests, censers, altars, from thy genius fled,
And heav'n itself shut on me while I read.
Dear smiling mischief! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
Warm as when first, with more than mortal shrine,
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears, forever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hov'ring o'er thy veil
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast.
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?

* Mr. Cawthorne was killed by a fall from his horse.

And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, spread the impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the last ocean freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul;
Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God,
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.
Are these thy wishes? can they thus aspire?
Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?
Can Abelard in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
Ah! rather let my tenderest accents move
The last wild accents of unholy love;
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouse all my passions, act my joys anew;
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints! adieu:
Sleep, conscience! sleep, each awful thought be drown'd,
And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.
What means this pause, this agonizing start,
This glimpse of heav'n quick rushing thro' my heart?
Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd—
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade:
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn and open all the sky.
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul.
Return, ye hours! when, guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein,
When, warm'd with all th' Egyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes!—Ah, no, from fancy fly,
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly; since all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
To love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels with ring in the shade.
Let me forget that, while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, impower'd by heav'n to move
Each saint, each blest insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone;
No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dullness hung on every page;
The midnight-lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.
But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Mishapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deserts, where no vernal show'r
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flow'r;
Th' unbrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours;
Lean abstinence, wan grief, low thought-ed care,
Distracting guilt, and, hell's worst fiend, despair,
Conspire in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

(To be continued.)

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
By DAVID CARLISLE, *No. 5, Court Street*